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Title: A Weathered Journal

Author: Lord Blackthorn  
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\*This journal appears to be ancient, and has many gaps throughout; Only a handful of entries are still intact, and they seem as if they may not even be in order haphazardly written.\*

It vexes me greatly that even now, in my friends absence, still the throne has not been rendered unto me as should be my right. It is not as if I expect to hold the position forever, but in the absence of Cantabrigian someone is needed upon the throne to hold the realm together. I fear that if there is no ruler, that we shall fall like chaff and Ive yet to see any others who think themselves capable as rulers; perchance it is only a matter of time but as I've writtenthis waiting vexes me.

In the course of my friend's quest to reunite the shards, despite my misgivings about his plan and all the consequences it entails, I felt that it would be entirely idiotic of myself not to perform more research upon some of the magicks that Nystul and Cantabrigian's claim will be utilized.

Much of it seems somewhat similar to Gilforns research, but he prattled on about using my connection with Cantabrigian to try and

force Nystul to tell him everything he knew. It seems that Nystul's distaste for me is more of a private matter than I imagined, or Gilforn would probably not have bothered asking. A few assurances that I'd try however, and he told me more about moongates and the teleportation technology than anyone but perhaps Nystul and the Stranger know. He was particularly interested in using moonstones in the process of creating permanent moongates. I feel that had I continued to ask questions, he may have spoken to me until both of us died of old age; I wonder if he is not obsessed over it in the same way that Anon is with those mongbats of his. Hopefully Heckles has had some success with speaking with Chuckles about the current state of things with Nystul, and if not, I can at least send him to the Lycaeum to pick up some more research materials for me.

This new land that they've discovered could hold untold levels of power, but it's most peculiar that it already contains shrines to the virtues and even a shrine to the idea of Chaos. I must admit that I am at a loss as to what to make of such a thing. I have theories but in this Ilshenar the ruins that are left of a Sosaria, fallen prey to ever escalating fighting between the zealous forces of those who followed my philosophies and those who followed my friends? A world

where Chaos was  
incorporated into the  
virtues? Or a place that  
somehow, by its own  
means, came to the same  
virtues we have and the  
idea of chaos entirely on  
its own and developed?  
Or could it be something  
even more fantastic than  
I could possibly imagine? I  
find myself stricken at  
once with anticipation and  
anxiety, curiosity and  
dread, and while I hope  
that this land will hold  
enlightenment to a great  
many things I fear that  
like our own, there may  
lurk untold horrors within  
its depths.

I have discovered  
something something  
drastic and terrible. A  
creature that goes by  
the name Exodus. I can  
tell that its power is  
familiar to me, and it  
reeks of Minax's power  
and yet is subtly  
different but worse, I  
can sense just how  
powerful this Exodus is.  
Without Cantabrigian here  
I don't know who I can  
trust with this  
information; Nystul and  
Dupre have rarely ever  
been fond of me. There  
is a possibility though if  
only I can secure what I  
need. The creature thinks  
itself powerful enough to  
offer me Sosaria under  
my rule...but it means to  
do so by conquest. Any  
who read my political call  
to anarchy would know  
that freedom is something  
I believe all should have  
and exercise but I think  
I can convince this  
monstrous being otherwise  
and perhaps by tricking  
it, put myself in a  
position to stop it. I  
have already led it to  
believe I will return to it

and allow it to place me  
into a different body  
some hideous amalgamation  
of flesh and machine. It  
then returned me to my  
own castle to prepare  
myself for conversion, but  
I know what I have to  
do.

I dont have much time  
as the creature expects  
me to return or will  
spirit me away again at  
anytime; at great expense  
and effort I managed to  
trace the flow of the  
spell used to summon me  
and correlate it with  
Ilshenars known  
geography to locate where  
this creature seems to  
be drawing power from.  
By removing or destroying  
this area, I should render  
it incapable of such  
feats, but I have no idea  
how well it can detect  
these things. In a position  
where all choices are  
fraught with danger, I  
can only choose the one  
that presents the least  
to the landseven if it  
may present the most to  
my own person. I may not  
be as powerful a mage as  
Nystul, but I have not let  
him far surpass me  
either. Gilforns ideas of  
moonstones, perhaps  
combined with blackrock  
and my own abilitiesits  
possible. It was difficult  
to obtain blackrock, but  
Heckles didnt fail me  
and nor has he ever. I  
hope that he realizes how  
essential his services  
were. If I cannot  
eliminate Exodus entirely  
and still have access to  
the blackrockthen I will  
destroy everything I can  
to prevent it from  
manifesting.